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PIETAS METRICA.

Pietas Metrica;

Or,

NATURE SUGGESTIVE OF GOD
AND GODLINESS.

By the Brothers

Theophilus and Theophylact.

“Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee
from Thy Presence?” *Psalms cxxxix. 7.*

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TO
THE CHURCH,

This Little Volume is dutifully offered,

BY TWO OF HER SONS.

THE CHURCH

THE LITTLE CHURCH OF THE LITTLE FAITH

THE LITTLE CHURCH OF THE LITTLE FAITH

OF

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PREFACE.

IT was the design of the writers of this volume to blend together two of Man's best things, Religion and Poetry. They aimed at binding with another tie the feeling of piety with external nature and our daily thoughts. And they endeavoured,—however feeble the execution of the attempt may have proved,—to clothe with ideality, which is the province

of the mind, the sentiment of religion, which rests in the soul ; and so to set forth “ the beauty of holiness.”

But in effecting this, no originality is claimed for the intention. The same thing has been done already by Keble, Williams, and others ;—and what value is set upon their works, let the numerous editions they have gone through, declare. Nevertheless, the whole field has not yet been occupied ; nor do the full-blown flowers that we enjoy to-day, make less acceptable the buds which will open to-morrow.

The books of Nature and Revelation have been laid side by side and read together. For the types of the former the antitypes are sought in the latter. The sug-

gestions and analogies of the natural world are followed out in the revealed Word of God, and clothed in the language of poesy.

Of the authorship of the present volume suffice it to say, that one of the writers ministers in the Temple ; the other has admittance to the outer courts only.

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PREVENT US, O LORD, IN ALL OUR DOINGS WITH THY
MOST GRACIOUS FAVOUR, AND FURTHER US WITH
THY CONTINUAL HELP ; THAT IN ALL OUR
WORKS BEGUN, CONTINUED, AND ENDED
IN THEE, WE MAY GLORIFY THY HOLY
NAME, AND FINALLY BY THY
MERCY OBTAIN EVERLASTING
LIFE ; THROUGH JESUS
CHRIST OUR LORD.

AMEN.



PIETAS METRICA.

Before the Snow.

“He giveth snow like wool : He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.” *Psalms* cxlvii. 16.

“My son, despise not the chastening of the LORD ; neither be weary of His correction ; for whom the LORD loveth He correcteth.” *Proverbs* iii. 11.

THE winter fields are green with springing corn,
Which a pure shroud of snow will soon invest,
And cover from our eyes ;
Until by vernal airs that robe be torn,
When cereal riches from Earth's teeming breast,
Will bounteously arise.

If on thy firstling energies there chance
A check, a chill, a blight, and a surprise,
Despond not, but be still.
That winter comes to strengthen and enhance
The life, the love, that in thy spirit lies,
And bend thee to God's will.

Love and Worship.

“ Rejoice in the LORD alway : and again I say, Rejoice.”
Philippians iv. 4.

TEACH me to love, O God ! when first, the spring
Thrills through the heart, with tearful ecstasy,
And when the early flowers a mantle fling
O'er the cold earth,—teach me to worship Thee !

Teach me to love Thee, when at early dawn,
Some traces of that eastern robe we see,
Like gold in the sky, and presently withdrawn
From the young day—then let me worship Thee !

When the fresh breeze bears by a sacred song,
The outpoured spirit of festivity,
The morning chant of nature, clear and strong
Rising to heaven—let me worship Thee !

Standing alone, upon the leaguered shore,
Hearing the murmurs of the eternal sea,
Whose ceaseless waves fall prostrate evermore,
Like vanquished warriors,—let me worship Thee!

In the sweet calm of evening, when the day
With all its impulses, sleeps silently,
And the hushed night, that watches near alway,
Trims her bright lamps,—then let me worship
Thee!

At awful midnight, silent, deep like death,
Waking alone, one spirit only free,
One wave upon a sea, without a breath
To stir its waters,—let me worship Thee!

The Last Remains of Earth.

“JESUS saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.” *S. John xiii. 10.*¹

WHEN aged saints draw near their rest,
To pillow them on Abram's breast,
There waiting for their crowns,
With smiling eyes they hail the hour
That frees them from sin's adverse power,
And from this hard world's frowns.

Their way-worn garments still are fair,
Kept pure and spotless by their care,
Aided by strength divine:
They hated sin's polluting stains,
Guided their steps with watchful pains,—
Their robes with whiteness shine.

¹ “If when we lay in our filthiness He took pity on us, pulled us out of the mire, and laid us in His bosom,—now that we are washed all over will He shake us off and cast us out of His embraces, because our feet (as our LORD speaks) still need some washing?” *Bishop Patrick. Advice to a Friend.*

Except about the hem there clings
The dust of many wanderings,
And their unsandalled feet
Have need of washing from the sand
Gleaned as they walked from land to land,
For marriage feast unmeet.

Their silver hair no cleansing needs,
Nor hands, undyed in sinful deeds
But held aloft in prayer ;
No, they are clean, through God's sweet grace,
And earth on them hath scarce a trace ;—
The only marks they wear

Are where their feet, to this earth bound,
Earthy, *because on earth*, are found.
For them the SAVIOUR kneels,
And lovingly, with His own hands,
Washes away those lingering sands,
And their salvation seals.

Then mourn not, pilgrims, here who roam,
Seeking a land, a heavenly home,
Through earth's sin-blighted waste,
That holy thoughts and acts are mixed
With dross ;—that sometimes seem less fixed
The lights to which you haste.

Droop not your heads in mute despair
Because the world *will* have its share,
And Cæsar claim his due :
So that your heart for CHRIST be meet
Bewail not foils upon your feet,
Though sad they be to view.

For if ye bravely run your race,
Zion-ward keep your steadfast face,
And gird your robes with zeal,—
Although ye stumble, ye shall win,
Although ye bleed, shall conquer sin,
And CHRIST your wounds will heal.

And when around your shining head,
At last, a lambent light is shed,
And heaven's bright gates are wide,—
Then, the last stains shall fade away,
Washed in the stream that flows for aye
From your REDEEMER's side.

Vanitas.

“Who then shall be saved?” *S. Matthew xix. 25.*

PURPLE clad and crowned kings !
Leave the trappings of your state,
Lordly Death the sceptre flings,
From your hands, so strong of late.
Will a coronet of gold,
Gemmed and starred, salvation be,
When that Royal brow is cold,
Waiting for Eternity ?
Bowing myriads, pomp and power,
Will not save, in that dread hour.

Sages, wisdom's favoured ones !
Learn, that all ye *seem* to know,
When the death bell peals its tones
Will o'er Death no lustre throw.
Think ye that a little light,
Gained above your fellow men,
Will shine, when God shall come in might,
Or shed its little radiance then ?
All thy little earthly skill
Cannot save eternal ill.

Beauty ! though on thee there seems,
In thy outward form to be,
Some little shining from the beams
Of Eternal majesty,
Dream not that a borrowed grace,
Though it be most heavenly fair,
Will shield thee at that awful place,
Or gain thee undue favour there !
Where all is perfect Beauty, thou
Wilt hide for shame thy sullied brow.

Christian, true and faithful heart !
Dread not thou that hour to meet,
"Thou hast nobly done thy part,"
Will issue from the mercy seat,
"Thou hast found the heavenly clue,
Thou hast been a soldier brave,
Thou hast been a servant true,
From the font until the grave,"
There is joy and peace for thee,
Through all God's eternity.

The Imperceptible Growth of CHRIST'S Kingdom in the Soul.

“So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground ; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.” *S. Mark iv. 26, 27.*

How comes CHRIST'S kingdom to the soul ?

Not with a rushing sound ;—

It advents as a bursting seed

Grows from the humid ground.

The seed-leaves put aside the earth ;

Next, the small plume appears,

Scarce seen and timorous, like a child

That comes and yet he fears.

All silently by night and day

'Tis nursed by sun and dew ;

It gathers growth from shine and shade,

A growth escaping view.

And, leaf by leaf, the germ unfolds ;
It drinks the soft spring rain,
It bows before the soft spring wind,
Nor bends to heaven in vain.

Downward and deeply in the soil
Strike the white thread-like roots ;
While high in air the feathery plant
To a full stature shoots :

Till birds find shelter in its boughs,
And blossoms deck the stem ;
And men its branches bless, that yield
Fruit, shade, and balm to them.

With growth mysterious, in the heart
Where God His seed hath sown,
Expands His Kingdom, o'er a land
Which Sin once ruled alone.

Saved by the pure baptismal shower,
The germ is touched to life ;
God's care and love a fence supply,
Against the after strife.

The evening dew of grace descend
Upon its drooping head,
And with the Eucharistic feast
Its feeble power is fed.

The spirit, fightlessly, its leaves
Moves, like refreshing airs ;
CHRIST'S love constrains the downcast flower
To look to heaven in prayers.

Yet men who watched the live-long day,
And vigil kept by night,
Could not detect its hidden growth,
Or whence proceeds its might.

They see not Angel hands the fruit
Loosen, that falls around ;
Nor from sad wounds the balm distil,
That pearls the neighbouring ground.

They hear not Angels' whispering tongues,
Tell of a heaven to come ;—
They wonder at death's peaceful smile,—
Such fun-set on a tomb !

Nor marvels less the heart itself,
At what it feels within ;
A wondrous life ;—a growing strength,—
Grace triumphing o'er sin.

It cannot date its day of birth,
Nor trace what paths it trod ;
It only knows it loves,—and feels
More fondly loved by God.

It turns to bless Him in its pain,
Smiles, though its task be hard ;
Turns all its mirth to hymns of praise,
Works, though its work be marred.

Sow, LORD, and water Thy good seed,
Reign in *us* evermore ;
Thine image which ourselves defaced,
That image, LORD, restore !

Unto Thy fold, us wandering sheep,
Draw, with Thy cords of love ;—
Thy kingdom show us here, O LORD,
And, evermore, above !

The Christian Graces.

“ Faith, Hope, and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity.”

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

FAITH is the golden way,
By which we mount the sky ;
And round about it Angels play,
Unearthly Harmony.

Hope is the tempting light,
That hides Faith's heavenly end,
Shining for ever to the fight,
Of those who sky-ward wend.

Charity is the day,
To which Faith's road ascends,
The glory, that to Hope's bright ray,
A double splendour lends.

Nathanael.

“JESUS answered and said unto him, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee.” *S. John* i. 48.

IN a close covert, where the shining fig
Shot back the sunbeams from its glossy leaves ;
And, underneath, the cyclamen grew thick,
And in the fields around stood the ripe sheaves,
A young man did wage battle with himself ;
He wrestled with temptation deep and strong,
And there prevailed. Great was the conflict ; great
The guerdon of that war ; dubious and long
The victory that settled on his brow.—
Will half subdued, and reason growing faint,
All senses up in arms against the right.

Deeper seclusion ne'er did poet paint,
Remote from curious eyes and whispering tongues,
Still fought he on ; and when he felt his power
Wane, he looked up to pitying God in heaven,
For strength ; which thence descending like a shower,
Upheld his heart, his vision cleared, called back

The pious lessons of his guileless youth ;—
And so refreshed, so armed, Nathanael stood
A victor, by JEHOVAH's grace and truth.

All-seeing Eye ! that 'neath the fig tree's shade
Watched Thy pure servant, Thy true Israelite,
And called him to behold the LORD he served,—
O what polluted scenes must, day and night,
Our sinning world present, to Thee disclosed !
Our bosoms' leprosy, our secret sins,
Set all in light before Thy countenance.
Where, when Thy judgment its career begins,
Where shall it end ? Oh ! whither can we flee
From Thine omniscience,—where escape Thy ken !
Dark worlds of evil roll within our hearts,
Unknown and unexplored by fellow men.
We sin beneath our fig trees,—in our thoughts,
Desires, imaginations, yea, our dreams.
Yet truth Thou seekest in our inmost part¹
As when full noon-tide on our actions streams.

O Omnipresent Eye, how dread, how sweet,
Is Thy companionship ! About our bed,
Our path, our converse, ever standing near ;
Where prayer ascends, as where man's blood is shed.

¹ “ Behold, Thou desirest truth in the inward parts, and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom.” *Pf.* li. 6.

Well might this knowledge check our budding fin,
And hush the unkind word upon our breath ;
Oft make us walk the garden of the soul,
And doom, with zealous hand, each evil weed to death.

But oh, the consolation and the peace
In that sweet word, that God is ever nigh !
No lonesome solitude is left on earth,
His arms are round us, and above, His eye.
Are we in pain ?—He, pitying, marks each throe,—
With terror stricken ?—He subdues our fears ;
He listens to the mourner's bitter moan,
And in His crystal phial, shrines her tears.

LORD, let Thy constant presence be my joy,
My shield from evil, my restraint from ill.
That like Nathanael, I, where'er my lot,
Hidden or seen, may be about Thy will !

The Wind.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” *S. John iii. 8.*

In the early days of the spring it blows,
And wins and tempts the flowers,
The violet, snowdrop, and eager rose,
To gem and light the bowers.

It plays on the leaves, that are budding bright,
And fings like a mother to them,
And whispers among the groves at night
A lullaby, sweetly, through them.

But it dies away in the summer heat,
And faintly murmurs over
Some waving field of ripening wheat,
Or stream that the lilies cover.

And yet sometimes, in the summer eves,
When the hush is still and deep,
It stirs like dreams, through the idle leaves,
That are folded and locked in sleep.

As the year decays, it wakes again,
And breaks o'er the slumbering breast
Of the autumn earth, and she seeks in vain
For her vanished summer rest.

It comes like an impulse unperceived,
And the woods wave their arms on high,
And tofs like the soul, that is inly grieved,
By some hidden misery.

Then it tears the mantle of life away,
That hangs on the dying year,
Till it mocking, seems to move and play
With skeletons bleak and drear.

In *youth*, the spirit with impulse strong
Moves the heart, with kindling voice,
And sweeps the deep feelings and thoughts among,
Till they wake and in God rejoice.

The breath of grace blows freshly still
From the sacred font, and finds
Response in all holy thoughts that fill
The fresh life of wakening minds.

Too often, alas ! in our summer hours,
In full life, the inner sense
Scarce seems to move the tenderest flowers,
And lies dead, in that calm intense.

But in fury it wakes, like the autumn blast,
When our life is old and fear,
Till the sleeping soul is roused at last,
And moans in the whirlwind, Fear.

Children.

“Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” *S. Matthew xviii. 3.*

“Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children.” *Ephes. v. 1.*

WHAT buds are to the flowers,
Like the first vernal showers,
And the clear morning hours,—
Such children are.

So beautiful and holy,
So trusting, meek and lowly,
The evil learning flowly,—
Sweet children are.

If ye would heaven see,
And God's high Majesty
Unveil'd, take heed ye be
As children are.

Lent.

“Then shall ye fast in those days.” *S. Mark ii. 20.*

In joy the Christian year began,
Then like the rosy light,
Which steals upon the darkness wan,
The shadows of the night,
The Advent of the LORD was sung,
By men on earth, and angels hung
Their spirit wings to catch the strain,
And join in the song again,
“Hosanna be to David’s Son,
Hosanna to the Holy One!”

Then presently the SAVIOUR came,
The Sun itself arose,
And angels “Peace on earth” proclaim,
“Good will from heaven flows.”

And now 'twas angels first began
The song, caught up by list'ning man,
And ever as the year comes round
Is heard the ever blessed sound,
"Fear not, great joy to man forlorn,
To-day we hail the Virgin-born."

But holy joy like image true,
Reflected in the soul,
Must have its shade and darkness too,
The clouds, that o'er it roll,
Still shadowing forth, that sacred life,
The mingled victory with strife,
His holy gladness, holy sorrow,
To-day all peace, all toil to-morrow,
In toil, in peace, in light, in shade,
Still joy, and joy that cannot fade—

And joy that breathes the most of heaven
Must tempered be, as when
The splendid promise morn hath given
Is hid, to shine again.
And in that momentary gloom,
Men feel how sad had been the doom
Of earth without that light, so we
In Lenten shadows presently
Lose for a while the heavenly mirth,
That waits upon the SAVIOUR's birth.

And turning to the earth our eyes
Have time awhile to trace
How sad had been our destinies
Without His saving grace,
Have time to mourn, have time to feel,
What impious sin has dared, and kneel
In humble penance, fasting, prayer,
While quickly falls the forrowing tear,—
Till once again, the sun denied,
Shall gild that tear, at Easter-tide.

Saints Glorified.

“These are they which have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.” *Revelations vii. 14, 15.*

THE faints in rest, are as the stars on high,
We love and gaze at, but we may not reach,
Nor hear the interchanging of their speech
As they converse in glory. Theirs the sky,
The low earth ours. Where can be sympathy?
Surrounded by a separate lustre, each
Seems coldly our poor, helpless hearts to teach
Pure, unattainable wisdom. So we sigh,
Ready to give up all, in our despair,
Cease to look up to excellence which reproves,
And rather seek in earth some thing that loves,—
Albeit unworthy in our love to share.
“God hath made up His jewels, and no place
Remains for us,” so cry we, “round His throne of
grace!”

The Histories of Saints on Earth.

“Take, my brethren, the prophets who have spoken in the Name of the LORD, for an example of suffering affliction and patience.” *S. James v. 10.*

SOMETIMES, light catching from the slanting morn,
An Alpine mountain tip, snow-crested, shines
With almost astral brilliance. Through its vines,
Through its pine forests frowning in dark scorn,
Through its wild belt of clouds, its fides all torn,—
We *may* ascend, if faith with will combines,
That lustre reach for which our bosom pines.
Such are the lives of faints. Be not forlorn,
Tradition does for our instruction speak.
It tells how *they* waxed strong—who once were
weak ;
Conquered—who once were slaves ; grew bold—once
faint ;
Climb'd up, from grace to grace and love divine.—
The weapons of *their* warfare, lo ! are thine,
Gird up thy loins, *and be thyself a saint.*

The Beacon.

“ But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” *Proverbs iv. 18.*

In youth the light of heaven throws
A wavering beam, now hid, now seen,
Now brightly comes, now sudden goes,
As earthly shadows fall between.

But as the years of life run by,
That wavering light more constant grows,
And to the faithful Christian's eye,
Is ever present at its close.

So to the tossing vessel far
The light to guide her o'er the main,
Now shines like some home-leading star,
And now is lost from sight again.

But as she nears that distant shore,
The beacon light more constant burns,
And still approaching more and more,
To one unchanging brightness turns !

Or youth, like tropic climes, where day
And night alternate come and go,
And chilly age, like those where play
Perpetual funbeams on the snow.

The Broken Vision.

“Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.” 1 *Samuel* xv. 22.

If ye would know the surest way,
Which God to happiness hath given,
Obedience is that wide, sure road,
It leads direct to heaven.

Obedience to God's will and word
In faithful and untiring love,
Makes us like angels, and is rich
In blessings from above.

If in the Church's tent we stay
And hear that gentle mother's voice,
Kneel at her knees, her blessing gain,
Our hearts may well rejoice.

A legend in our books we read,
Of guerdon sweet and strange which crowned
A holy man whose every act
Was by obedience bound.

His sacred offices and prayers
Were in the chapel duly said,
As needful to his daily life
As was his daily bread.

One morning, in his dortor cell,
This holy man, a vision blest;
It was of glory and of peace,
Nor broke his gentle rest.

For in that bright apocalypse
There stood before him his dear LORD;
Not now in pain, but crowned with stars
Was He Whom he adored.

He heard the founding of His speech,
Falling like music on his ears.—
Entranced he was in joy divine,
And rapture-springing tears.

It did reward his life of toil
Of yielded hopes and joys forgone;
And on dark showers of penitence
It like a rainbow shone.

Then, on his custom-quicken'd sense,
Broke the clear, silver, matin bell;
Like darksome cloud on sunny noon,
Or death on life, it fell.

Yet paused he not an instant's space:
With one short sigh this holy man
Leaped from his pallet and his bliss,
And to the chapel ran.

The service o'er, he sought his cell
With placid face, and heart uplift;
And thanked his God, Who had bestowed
That bright, though broken gift.

So trained to duty was his mind,
So firmly to obedience chained,
He did not weigh his sacrifice,
And no regret remained.

His cubicle he lightly closed,
And fell upon his hardened knees,
When lo! that wondrous clarity,
Unchanged, his vision sees.

Only it seemed a sweeter smile
Beamed on him from his SAVIOUR's face;
And kinder words of comfort hung
Upon those lips of grace.

And to that holy man He spake ;—
“ Because thou left Me, I remain ;
To keep Me, hadst thou tarried here,
Thou wouldst have fought in vain.”¹

¹ See Jeremy Taylor's "Great Exemplar," Part 1, Sect. 5, for the relation of this incident.

Blessing.

“ And my prayer shall turn into my own bosom.” *Pf. xxxv. 13.*

WHAT ever lost by giving ?
The sky pours down its rain,
Refreshing all things living,
While mists rise up again.

Go, rob the sparkling fountain,
And drain its basin dry ;
The barren seeming mountain,
Will fill its chalice high.

Who ever lost by loving ?
Though all our heart we pour ;
Still other spirits moving,
To pay our love with more.

And was there ever blessing,
That did not turn and rest ;
A double power possessing,
The bleaser being blessed ?

The Ephemerads of Pontus.¹

“The days of man are but as grass, for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.” *Psalms* ciii. 15.

“In the morning it is green and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.” *Psalms* xc. 6.

BORN with the day and christen'd in its dew,
 Mature at noon and half their life decayed;
 Feeble by eve, their minutes waxing few,
 With night's first steps, in death and silence laid,—
 Such was their fabled life who daily died,
 Brief waves of being's ever moving tide.

Those Pontic men, of us what truthful types:—
 Our day mounts high before his strides we mark;
 Our gourd springs up apace, its fruit soon ripens,
 We start, and see the eastern sky grow dark;
 And suddenly, our day of life is o'er,
 Shrunk to a speck the Past, and ours no more.

¹ “There were some creatures, they say, in Pontus, whose life lasted but one day; they were born in the morning, and came to their full growth at noon, and grew old in the evening, and at night died.” *Bishop Patrick. A Consolatory Discourse.*

What then?—Our day's sufficient for its task :
Are there not hours twelve, for men to toil?
Not time enough in listless ease to bask,
But to prepare and irrigate the soil;
To plough, to scatter wide the fertile seed,
To clear with sedulous hand, the springing weed.

Enough of time is given to learn the road
That leads to heaven; enough to teach our heart
Obedience, patience, and to know the load
Of sin we bear; enough to feel the smart
Of evil working death; to find the cross,
Where falls our burden and where ends our loss.

Enough of time to tune our souls to love,
Enough for prayer, for penitence, for praise;
Enough to teach our eyes to look above,
Undazzled by the earth's false, fleeting blaze;
Enough to gird our loins God's will to endure,
To purify ourselves, as He is pure;

Enough to take with joy all means of grace,
Dispense the goods as stewards we receive;
Enough to run and conquer in the race,
To bind up wounds, and comfort those who grieve;
To snatch from burning, guilty sinners' brands,
To spread the Gospel sound in many lands.

But let us wake. Already in the fky
Flames the bright fun ; our hours are on the wing :
Remember we are mortal, foon muft die,
And then, no place is found for forrowing ;
For tears repentant, there is given no place
If we let flip the day—our day of grace.

The Ages of Man.

“ Let every thing that hath breath praise the LORD.” *Pf. cl. 6.*

CHILDHOOD! in thy heart there glow,
Mirth, and hope, and pleasure;
Remember, that from God they flow,
And then the joy that fills thee now,
Shall be an endless treasure.

Youth! the rapture of thy dream
New life, unknown, and love
Are still thy never failing theme;
Then consecrate them with a beam
Of light from heaven above.

Manhood! with the thoughtful eye,
Let thine ambition scorn,
To bound its flight, with things that die,
But let it soar into the sky;
Of Heaven, not earth be born.

Old age ! thou dreamer of the past,
Of days no longer thine ;
Think not of time that could not last,
Prepare thine age away to cast,
And spring to youth divine !

The Sea Shell.

THERE was a man who loved the ocean well,
Yet he was forced away, inland to dwell ;
But ere he went, he seized an empty shell.

He might not hear again the voicy wave,
Yet the wreath'd shell it did so often lave,
Held to his ear, memorial echoes gave.

And though he never reached the ocean more,
By this he called to mind its much-loved shore,
Its murmur'd music, and its fitful roar.

He homed upon a dry and barren plain,
Still memory bid him not of life complain,
And Faith replied, " This loss shall be thy gain."

If daily duties, where the world hath share,
Us from our orisons unwilling tear,
From reading in God's word with earnest prayer ;

'Twere well before we leave those words of life,
To snatch one text, with holiest meaning rife,
And bear it with us through our worldly strife.

And many times to raise it to our ear,
Listening for sounds therefrom, as sweet to hear
As music, sphere makes to its fellow sphere.

And by this shell from Life's eternal ocean,
To waken in the heart a sweet emotion,
That not yet dead within is young devotion.

Or, if we faint or flag, th' elixir's balm
To taste, till re-endued with power calm,
We rise and sing again our gladsome psalm.

Or, if the world and flesh their wiles spread round,
To disenchant them by our shell's sweet sound,
And feel our eyes made clear—our limbs unbound.

And evermore to hear its warning voice,
This is the way of life, be this your choice,
"And though ye weep, ye shall in heaven rejoice."

Christian Ministry.

“Go ye therefore and teach all nations.” *S. Matthew xxviii. 19.*

THE breeze that sweeps the earth in spring,
With gentle breath and loving flight,
Fans into life with outspread wing,
Each blade and flower with tender might ;

And from her bosom, on the earth,
Lets fall a vivifying shower ;
Till, star-like, from its dewy birth,
Peeps forth each sweet and modest flower.

And where the Winter, iron king,
Clothed earth with snow and chained with frost ;
There with mild rule, the queenly spring,
Makes what was bleakest, blossom most.

So let our teaching, LORD, sweep o'er
The frozen hearts and barren mind;
That what was cold and dead before,
May bloom, beneath love's heavenly wind.

And let those seeds of grace, once sown
At holy font, by grace like dew
Caught from our preaching, one by one
Spring up, and bud, and blossom too.

The Answer of Jehu.

“What hast thou to do with peace?” 2 *Kings* ix. 18.

How oft the bitter accents ring
Their silent echo on my ear,
Of Israel's fresh anointed king:—
Sarcastic words, that smote with fear
Each envoy hot from Jezreel's towers;
Made their unanswered mission cease,
And numbered Joram's guilty hours.—

“Man, what hast thou to do with peace?”

And on my lips the words are hung,
In spirit, not severe, but sad;
Like riddle from the Sphynx's tongue,
As hopeless, that it answer had.

My questioning, in musing guise,
To young and ancient, king and slave,
I put;—to simple and to wise,
To *all* who move 'twixt birth and grave.

Childhood! thy wild and frolic hour,
Long as the butterfly's bright race,
Or the gum-cyftus' dazzling flow'r,
As short-lived, and as full of grace;—
Does it the calmer good contain?
Will it from future care release?
Glad art thou,—joyous, free from pain,—
But, what hast thou to do with *peace*?

Maiden of throbbing heart,—whose breast
Hardly for what 'tis yearning knows,
Yet like the polyp, without rest,
Its trembling filaments out-throws,
Oft to be wounded,—shrinking oft,
Wearied, but not from search will cease,—
Tears check with pain thy rapture soft,—
And what hast *thou* to do with peace?

Manhood, thine eye is still elate,
The weapons in thy hands are strong;
Thought sits within thy brow sedate,
And busy cares thy bosom throng.

Success hath sped thee ; thou hast fame,—
Bays that might serve victorious Greece ;
Tumultuous joys thou hast, and name,—
But what hast thou to do with *peace* ?

Thou fire, of venerable age,
White-hair'd ; for counsel rightly fought ;
With sons to take thy heritage,
And well-filled chests, for which thou'lt wrought :—
Long have been here thy wanderings,
Thy grandchildren sit on thy knees ;—
Thou'rt troubled about many things,—
And what hast *thou* to do with peace ?

Sinner, who in thy fatal dream,
Slave to thy senses, fast art bound ;
Borne headlong down th' impetuous stream,
With frenzied mirth, would'lt hide the sound—
The deadly roar, that booms along
The waters, with a fell increase ;—
The cataract soon will quell thy song.—
Fool ! what hast *thou* to do with peace ?

And thou, mild pilgrim, loved of God,
Bearing thy cross with meekest mien,
Some paths of joy thy feet have trod,
But sin makes dark the ways between ;

And sorrow strews her chaf'ning thorn ;
And sometimes doth Hope's light decrease ;
And CHRIST hath blest them most who mourn ;
What e'en hast *thou* to do with peace ?

Seek her not here ; or, if on earth
Some blossoms in thy pathway lie,
Thou'lt find they had nor root nor birth
Here, but are fallen from the sky.
Treasure them ere in death they wither,—
Long for the land from which they come ;
Let their sweet odour lure thee thither,
Leading thee to thy happy home.

I hear a sweet and holy voice,
Saying, " My peace to you I give !"
O JESU ! make Thy will my choice,
In Thy blest presence let me live :
Grant me at last, Thy perfect peace,
For which I long with yearning breast ;
Where sinners from their troubling cease,
And where the weary are at rest !¹

" The whole life of CHRIST was a cross and martyrdom ;—and dost *thou* seek rest and joy ? Thou art deceived, thou art deceived if thou seekest any other thing than to suffer tribulations ; for this whole mortal life is full of miseries, and environed on every side with crosses." *Thomas a Kempis.*

Christian Rest.

“ And when he had said this, he fell asleep.” *Acts vii. 60.*

SLEEP, faintly Christian, sleep !
Death is a powerless word,
Let those who doubt, go weep,
Thou sleepest in the LORD.

Babe ! nestling close, secure,
Upon thy mother's breast,
Thy guarded sleep is sure,
Thy slumber calm and blest ;

But when was mother half so fond,
So vigilant, and true,
As he who is thy guard beyond,
Our grave-horizoned view ?

Soldiers may pace the night,
Around a slumbering king,
And keep his rest, until the light,
Spreads out its eastern wing ;

But kingly guards, who watch the bed,
Are weak and false, to those
Who watch around the faintly dead,
In their secure repose !

Childhood and Age.

“Thou that makest the outgoings of the morning and evening
to praise Thee.” *Psalms* lxxv. 8.

BRIGHT was thy dew-steeped birth, O day,
And beauteous is thy close,
Thou cam’st a golden-paved way,
And now, with liquid rose
Is bathed thy pathway in the west.—
Thy tomb or cradle,—which is best?

I saw the clouds pursue thy youth,
Long hours I watched thee fight
With gale and gloom that knew no ruth,
They dimmed thy noon-tide light.
I heard thy sighs upon the wind;—
Thy tears fell on thy foes unkind.

But all in glory, all in peace,
Thy parting hours decline :
The clouds their angry warfare cease,
And in thy shining, shine.
Through the still sky, the requiem note
Pours from the blackbird's throbbing throat.

Thus, smiles of infancy return
On age's wrinkled face.—
Twice does joy's lamp-flame clearly burn,
Though dark the interspace.
Calm the child's sleep, with soft-drawn breath,
Calmer the Christian's sleep in death.

Between two fun-bright coasts afar,
A sea's wild billows roar :—
Yet the night-voyager hath a star
To guide from shore to shore.
'Tis of a two-fold Home, its ray
Whispers, and cheers his stormy way.

The sheltering shield of loving cares
Held o'er the cradled child,
Is changed for toils which manhood wears,
And duties thickly piled.
And sorrows wait on man's rough path,
And fears cloud heaven's face in wrath ;—

Till age leads on her calmer hour,
 Illumes her vesper star,
And, by the moon's sweet, holy power,
 Dissolves the cloudy war.
Then, on the horizon, gleams a streak,
Of kindred light with morning's break.

Like thee, I'll run a patient course,
 I'll fight a stedfast fight ;
Cheered with sweet thoughts of morning's source,
 And thoughts, as sweet, of night.
LORD, let *me* die the good man's death,
And drawn like his, be my last breath !

Dew.

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your FATHER which is in heaven.”
S. Matthew v. 16.

A LITTLE globe of fire burns
On every humble spire of grafs,
A mimic firmament, that turns
The earth to heaven, where'er I pass.

Each catching but one fingle ray,
Like varied gems in emerald set,
Those trembling glow-worms of the day,
Sparks from Aurora's coronet.

And I am fain to turn my eyes
To seek from whence the glory flows,
To where along the morning skies,
The sun his rosy mantle throws.

So often in our daily ways,
Some humble soul, replete with grace,
A reflex true of heaven displays,
And wins our thoughts to holier place.

Or some kind deed, almost unknown,
The poor man's offering to the poor,
Catches a beauty from God's throne,
And bids us seek th' eternal door.

The Mystery of Life.

“Thou shalt purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean : Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Thou shalt make me to hear of joy and gladness : that the bones which Thou hast broken may rejoice.” *Psalms* li. 7, 8.

“Ah, why is life ?” some wearied soul exclaims,

“Why do I feel and suffer these few years,
Mingle in pleasures which my soul disdains,
And yield to grief the tribute of salt tears ?—
Why do man’s generations hurry by,
And race pursuing race, just live and die ?

“Do stars come out of blackness, shine a space,
Then vanish into nothingness again ?

Nay, they inhabit steadfastly the skies ;

But man, when he hath tasted mirth and pain,
Goes into darkness, where his corse doth rot,
And his once name and deeds are soon forgot.

“ If matter as an object, but exist

While human life plays subject on the scene,
Why not one sentient substance still endure ?

What do these separate waves of being mean ;
Brief as the ripples on a pebbly shore,
Fragile as snow-flakes, frail as sparkling hoar ? ” ¹

He stops ;—for lo ! the Psalmograph hath tuned
His penitential harp. From depths of woe
Spring founts of knowledge ; and our eyes see clear
After hot tears, collyrium-like, that flow
Burning but healing.—All his soul is bent
To David’s chant that tells of life’s intent.

“ The way is on the waters, dark and dread ;
Dim are Thy footsteps traced, yet mercy still,
And patience all serene, Thy dealings mark,
And work the sovereign dictates of Thy will.
Some glimpses how Thou goest, o’er me come,
As life wears out and I draw near my home.

“ LORD, Thou would’st lead man to that better land ;
Would’st fit him for Thy presence ; so Thy grace
Guides him along the varied ways of life,
Where sun and shade, and weal and woe embrace
Alternately the pilgrim on his path.—
No state abiding long, all states he hath.

¹ “ One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh : but the earth abideth for ever.” *Ecclesiastes* i. 4.

“ And as the former and the latter rain,
The dews of night, the clear heat of the noon,
All do their work to nourish up the plant
Whose flow’r delights and yields its fruity boon ;—
So every year, each thrill of joy and pain,
Its mission hath, fruit from man’s soul to gain.

“ Not wantonly the cup of grief is pressed
To our pale lips : God’s discipline complete
The bunch of hyssop needs, to purge and cleanse
Our guilty heart, polluted in each beat.
And snowy waters chill must wash away
The stains of sin that on our garments stay.

“ Dark is the vale of Baca, yet its pools
Are filled with healing waters : wild the blast
Of Autumn, but it purifies the earth :
Heavy the load of frost by winter cast,
Yet it new life infuses all around ;—
The slopes, of harvest dream, while icy bound.

“ And not in sadness all, or grief or want,
The discipline of life proceeds. Sweet rays
Of comfort checker oft the traveller’s road ;
Calm shining hours befriend him on his ways ;
Kind words, dear friends, the thrill of shapeless joy,
Bright hopes, still rest,—with gold his lot alloy.

“ That so the bruised reed should lift again
Its downcast head ; the broken bones be healed ;
And joy’s effect in holiness be shown,
As sunlight bleaches white in fuller’s field :
And he, the pilgrim, with the cheerful day
Go forth rejoicing, on his heavenward way.”

Thus good and ill in man’s probative course
Are mixed. To him life’s mystery is given
Just long enough th’ eventful race to run,
Whose goal is set in darkness or in heaven.
God ! give us grace to use life’s day aright,
That we may hail Thy morning’s endless light !

The Distant View.

“Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” *S. Matt.* vii. 13, 14.

“WOULD’ST thou behold the far off sea,
The mountains blue, and blowing wood?
Then come and climb yon hill with me,
And gaze upon the shining flood.

“And I will show thee spots so bright,
Like youth’s own day-dreams, luring on
Thy steps to mount from height to height,
Until thou hast the summit won.

“Oh do not doubt, ’tis steep to mount,
But Heaven’s breath is fresher there;
And we will drink of yonder fount,
’Twill help us on, nay do not fear.

“ 'Tis true the level road you leave
Seems easier far, and hundreds throng
Its beaten ways ;—but this believe,
That freedom dwells the hills among.

“ Below, the prospect bounded near
By leafy screen on either hand,
With nothing to tempt onward here ;
Then come and on the mountain stand.”

The traveller wavered for a while,
And scanned the rugged mountain track ;
A few steps tried, then with a smile,
To the old road he hastened back.

“ Farewell, farewell, the road below,
That others tread, will do for me ;
Why should I ease, for pain, forego,
Let some one else thy prospect see.”

How few attempt to rise above
The common level of the world ;
To leave its track and soar in love,
On Faith's bright wings unfurled !

How few attempt to climb the height,
By prayer, and fast, and vigil gained ;
And share with Saints their sweet delight,
Who have a blessed peace obtained !

Checked by some penance we return,
To walk the road the world pursue ;
The hope soon crushed that still should burn,
For *seeming* good, forsake the *true*.

So Angels mourn, that for a toil,
More easy every step we take,
And nearing Heaven, we back recoil ;
The distant view, peace, Heaven forsake !

An Amulet of Verses on Affliction.

I. THE SILVER BIRCH.

“ Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove: that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold.” *Psalms* lxxviii. 13.

WHEN ruffling winds the birch's foliage lift,
As white it shines against spring's murky sky;
As if it compassed were with snowy drift,
Or hung with argent flowers, revealed suddenly.

And thy rough wind, affliction, black and bleak,
Brings oft some hidden virtues to the light;
That else had died, or languish'd sick and weak,
And ne'er made others strong and hopeful at the
fight.

II. THE MINE.

“ It is good for me that I have been in trouble : that I may learn Thy statutes.” *Pſalm cxix. 71.*

ON, on, ſtill on, creeps out the trembling chain,
Down the dank, frightful blackneſs of the mine.
The noon we’ve left, ſhall we ere reach again ?—
And lo ! through yon far gap, ſome ſtars of heaven
ſhine.

Calmly they reſt all day within their ſkies :
We ſee them not : proſperity’s bright blaze
Conceals their ſofter luſtre from our eyes,
Till grief makes night around, and ſhows their
ſteadfaſt rays.

III. THE PALM.¹

“As thy days so shall thy strength be.” *Deuteronomy xxxiii. 25.*

“Beareth all things.” *I Corinthians xiii. 7.*

THE palm's flight shaft, built up of many a scar,
 Record of leaves that one by one are dead,
 Taught to endure in long affliction's war,
 Lifts calmly up to heaven her sorrow-stricken head.

With grief familiar,—home-fellow of pain,
 No weight has pow'r to bend her slender stem:
 Wondrous her trial, trial comes in vain,
 Such heavenly strength she hath, in her green diadem.

¹ “Aristotle and Plutarch do write, as Aulus Gellius testifieth, that the nature of a palm tree is this, that although there be never so great weights and burdens laid upon it, so that a man would not think it possible to be borne, yet doth not the palm tree once bow, nor give place to the burden, but valiantly ariseth and prevaieth against the weight laid upon it.” *Thomas Becon. Potation for Lent.*

IV. BALM IN GILEAD.

“Is there no balm in Gilead?” *Jeremiah viii. 22.*

Is there no help, no comfort, for my woe?—

No hope, no ease?—while all around possess
What I scarce crave. Ah! whither shall I go,
Where drops the healing balm can soothe my sharp
distress?

Is there no balm in Gilead? Yes! for thee,

Afflicted soul. Why did'st thou not before
Look to the bleeding stem from Jesse's tree,
And leave thine own dark land, for Israel's blessed
shore?

V. THE DUNGEON FLOWER.

“Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” *S. Matthew xi. 28.*

As some lorn plant, in dungeon's depth profound,
With patient steps, creeps to the fingle ray,
That through a crevice shoots far o'er the ground,
And pale, attenuate, gains the long'd-for day;

So from the depths of misery we cry,

“LORD, hear my voice!”—and to the only gleam
Of comfort, CHRIST's sweet accents, earnestly,
Faint, trembling, climb by prayer, and drink the
heaven-sent beam.

VI. THE TEMPEST.

“It is I; be not afraid.” *S. John vi. 20.*

ALL darknes ! not one star or beacon-fire :

In dreadful night left struggling with the storm :
Palsied with fear at heaven's and ocean's ire,
Our soul grows conscious of some dim, approaching
form.

'Tis near us now ! It speaks : the wild wind hushes.

“ 'Tis I ! ” Lo sudden light breaks in the sky.

“ Be not afraid ! ”—Joy through our bosom flushes.

CHRIST in the ship, the storm and thee, Death,
we defy !

Twofold Light.

“ Rejoice with them that do rejoice.” *Romans xii. 15.*

HE, the good man of fym pathetic heart,
Who knows not envy, hath two founts of joy ;
And never can old night, who keeps her part
Eternal upon earth, *his* light defroy.
Short though Sol’s winter-courfe from eaft to weft,
Yet ftars and moon fill heaven’s vacant place.
So *he* hath both—the funfhine of his breaft,
And joy reflected from another’s face.

Where are the Nine ?

“ O ye children of men, bless ye the LORD, praise and exalt Him above all for ever.” *Song of the Three Children, 60.*

AND is it so that Nature flints her praise,
With niggard thanks makes off'ring to her God ;
As though His Spirit knew not all her ways,
And there were paths, that He had never trod ?

See the lone iceberg glittering in the sun,
Reflecting back his beams with thankfulness,
And reck'ning up Heaven's blessings, one by one,
Does every separate ray, with joy confess.

It is not now and then that flowers are fair,
And smile their gratitude, for blessings given,
Or gleam at morning, through a grateful tear,
For all the mercy showered down by Heaven.

It is not here and there, that woods grow green,
And bud, beneath the spring's reviving breath,
Or in their brightest hues are waving seen,
With double beauty, from their transient death.

No, Nature is not backward, she declares
Each blessing as it comes, and owns her LORD ;
She is no miser of her thanks, she spares
No praises, due to Heaven, beloved, adored.

Alas for man ! day after day may rise,
Night after night, may shade his thankless head,
He sees no God in the bright morning skies,
He sings no praises from his guarded bed.

But one in ten is found to bend him low,
To thank that FATHER, Who has given him all.—
Down on thy knees, proud mortal, trembling know
That He Who gave, can at a word, recall !

How think we of Heaven?

“ Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” 1 *Corinthians* ii. 9.

SOME love to think of gardens fair,
Where Spring for ever reigns,
Beyond the utmost bound of hills,
Whose blue eterne enchains
The lot and home we love to share.—
A beauteous land, which fancy fills
With brightest flow'rs, by ceaseless rills.

Others seek with their gaze at night,
“ Some bright, particular star ;”
Watching where lustroufly it burns
In dark, still depths afar :

There, say they, doth the soul make flight,
When she her earthly garment spurns,
And to a bright-wing'd Angel turns.

And misery makes a heaven of rest,
Where, dove-like, she may flee ;
In isles that gem the azure vast
Of the summer-shining sea.
Where Peace shall home upon her breast,
And long lost friends rejoice at last,
And sorrow vanish as the past.

Some build in thought, a city large,
With co-extensive fane :
Whose pearly gates with music move,
And where the Lamb doth reign :
And all beside her river's marge,
The trees of life prolong their grove,
And all its light is God's own love.

Yet, not for me those blessed isles,
Planet, nor Eden sweet,
Make Heaven. Too near to earth they come,
Which crumbles 'neath my feet.
The very thought of earth defiles
That unimaginable home,
For us prepared—from which we roam.

Nay, nought that eye hath seen ; no word
Uttered in human ear ;
No picture, loveliest that art
Conceived, and holds most dear,
Unveils the kingdom of the LORD ;
Nor shadows to man's exiled heart,
That heaven in which His saints have part.

But when morn's summer sky and air
Are filled with golden light,
And the heart feels a sweet abyss
Of undefined delight ;
Or, as a floating barque it were
On an unfathom'd sea of bliss,—
I've cried, " Ah ! Heaven is likest this."

" I ask no forms of fleeting things,
This light is all divine ;
Flowing, O LORD, from Thy right hand.
And, in my breast doth shine
Formless, effulgent joy, that springs,
Flame-like, to heaven, its native land,
Whence into life it first was fanned.

“ Enough for me to name the name,
And darkly through a glass
To catch short gleams of things above,
As o’er its disc they pass.—
Enough, to feel the tongue of flame
An instant, and the wavering Dove
Behold,—Thy Spirit and Thy Love.

“ Enough to read such blessed words,
To be raised up on high ;—
The everlasting arms to feel,—
On JESUS’ breast to lie ;—
To see a kingdom all the LORD’s,—
The glories that He will reveal,—
And on our forehead bear God’s seal.”

Sorrow turned into Joy.

“Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” *Psalms xxx. 5.*

FROM caverns deep and shaded,
Slowly crept forth the night;
And day with glories faded,
Yielded its sceptre bright;
And every shade of evening brought,
New sorrow to my heart and thought.

Then came the smiling morning,
The sun, like Hope new born,
The earth and heaven adorning,
Had scared the night forlorn;
And care and darkness in affright,
Vanished before new hope and light.

The Fraxinella.¹

“ Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense : and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.” *Psalms* cxli. 2.

AMIDST the breathing flower-buds,
There grows a plant of modest mien :
Virgin white and verdant green,
Are all her unobtrusive hues ;
Yet evermore she sheds
A perfume on the loving dews,
That steep her when the morn is young,
To which the vervein's scent is faint,
And faint the linden's bloom, awakening memory,
And lily's blossom, zephyr-swung.—

¹ “ If, at the end of a fine day during a hot dry summer, you place a light at the summit of the plant (Fraxinella), the vapour by which it is surrounded inflames, and produces a very transient flame, which does no harm to the plant.” *Decandolle. Physiologie Vegetale.*

The rose, that Art with his devices quaint
Despaireth still to paint,
To her, in this, the floral crown must yield;
Content in all things else to be
The empress of the field.

Circled by the floral bands,
Fair Fraxinella stands
In her pale ardour, breathing up to heaven
The incense of her prayer;
Fervent as first enkindlement of love,
Of love that will endure,
And yet, oh yet, more pure;—
For nothing of the earthly leaven
Floats up, with her exhaling breath, above.

Circled by those floral bands
She, like a virgin martyr, stands,
Whose tearless eyes uplifted are
To where the skiey gates unbar;
And to her sight reveal a crown, not distant far.
Whose ears enrapt, observe no sound
Of grating wheels, of crowd around,
So fast by faint-heard Angels' chorus bound.
While still her prayer
Climbs up the willing, list'ning air,
More and more fervent, as her delicate limbs they tear.

Through the hot summer day
Breathes so this loving flower.
She, hour by hour,
Drinks in fresh ardours from each golden ray ;
And with enthusiastic power
Repairs her strength, when others' doth decay,
So, when the evening still
Purples the heathy hill,
And stealthily draws on her starry veil ;
When song-birds seek their nests,
And sun-burnt labour rests,
Her fragrances so ardently exhale,
That—whether kindling at the glow-worm's light,
Or by the fire-fly's dancing flight,
Or from some falling star, I know not how—
She decks herself with flame.
A lambent fire plays on each tiny bough,
A natural altar to the Maker's name.

And thou shalt be,
Sweet flower, an emblem rare of Piety.
Ah ! could our hearts
Read thoughtful lessons from thy modest leaves,—
Catch from thy spray the ardour it imparts,—
Learn from thy fragrant breath, with thankful praise,
To utter back some of the sunny rays ;
Those countless favours, that diurnal care,
That shed a summer shining round our path ;—
Be meek and humble as thy blossoms are ;—

Have the same loving zeal thy odour hath ;—
And at the closing day, to let our prayer
Take fire, upon the altar of our breast,
And in the nightly darkness shine,
Lights seen and loved by Heaven, dear flower, like thine!

The Power of Holiness.

“Unto the pure, all things are pure.” *Titus i. 15.*

Go, gaze upon a sun-lit landscape sleeping,
All bathed in light, with there a flowing river,
A thread of gold, while by its woods are keeping
A dreamy watch, as though 'twould last for ever.

See, here are flowers, whose dewy eyes look up
To the blue heaven, and thankfully adore ;
While some too full of bliss, bend down their cup,
And on their lowlier sisters blessings pour.

The far-off hills, so blue, and so serene,
Are mingling with the sky, and melt away
Into one common hue ; while meadows green,
Are doubly verdant, 'neath the sunny ray.

And are there then, no loathsome things concealed
Beneath this veil of light, no uncouth forms,
Dark dangerous ways, and mists yet unrevealed,
Waiting the summons of the rushing storms?

Yes, they are there, but over all the light
Throws a bright vagueness, and they are not seen,
Marring with terrors all the landscape bright,
Or peeping with foul look, fair spots between.

Look boldly forth, pure soul! the world around
May never taint, thy sky-converging gaze;
Foulest and blackest, though to others found,
For thee 'tis purified by Heavenly rays.

God, speed the Plough.

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.” *Revelations* iii. 20.

In bygone days, this was an honest prayer
At village feast and farmer’s homely board,—
“ ‘God, speed the Plough!’ LORD, we have done
our share,
Have tilled and sown; now do *Thy* part, O LORD,
And of Thy grace, to us a rich increase afford.’

To labour and to trust, belong to man :
This his vocation is, to work and pray :
And great reward, in God’s unchanging plan,
On their endeavours rests, who day by day
Travail, with prayers and faith, in His appointed way.¹

¹ “The prayers of a Christian must be like the devotions of the husbandman. God, speed the plough, that is, labour and prayer together; a prayer to bless our labour.” *Jeremy Taylor. Worthby Communicant.*

God bids us ask :—To ask we may refrain,
When longing prayer would impetrate the skies.
He bids us seek :—we may the golden grain,
That in the river of His mercy lies,
Forego, unseeking ; so, His proffered grace despise.

He bids us knock :—We may in listless mood
Lie at His gate, nor ever enter in,
Although we famish for the heavenly food
Which angel hands prepare for us within,
And we supinely lose, enervate by our sin.

Nay, more ;—so burning is our FATHER's love,
He scarcely waits the prodigal's return,
Nor trusts our tardy steps which toward Him move ;
Seeks us Himself, our piteous state to learn,
Nor our first sigh or penitent look doth spurn.

He stands before our doors, and on our hearts
Knocks, while we slumber in our worldly dream ;
If we wake not, for ever He departs.
Unvisited again by light supreme,
Flows by in darkness, life's unprofitable stream.

But if we rise with gladness,—ope our door,
Admit with lowly reverence that Guest,
Whose voice we heard without,—then evermore
His presence will our humble home invest,
And make our frugal board, than kingly feast more
blest.

Behold ! He knocks ; and lo, His table spread.—

Yea, LORD, we come. Thy voice is loved and known.

Thine is the feast,—the chalice and the bread ;

Obedience, faith, and prayer, our part alone.—

Accept and help, O LORD. Come quickly to Thine own !

The Night-flowering Cereus.

“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” *Psalms* xlv. 1.

How many flowers wait upon the day !

Courtiers that throng before their gracious king,
And as they each receive a smiling ray,

Their bending heads to meet his glances spring,
And all around their joyfulness they pour,
In floods of odour from their inmost store.

How is the night deserted by the flowers !

With day they shut their beauty from the sight,
And sleeping peacefully in silent bowers,

They leave but one to wait upon the night ;
And she like some true friend, all others flown,
Gazes with deeper love because alone.

How many joys there are that throng around

Our path, when health, youth, riches lead the way !
How few of all our pleasures are there found

When health, and youth, and riches all decay !
But one neglected in our happy hour,
Religion opens like that lonely flower.

The Universal Temple.

“Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; as saith the prophet, Heaven is My throne, and earth is My footstool: what house will ye build Me? saith the LORD: or what is the place of My rest?” *Acts* vii. 48, 49.

LORD! wheresoe’er on earth I go,
Be every spot to me a shrine;
Till heaven and this green terrene grow
A temple mighty and divine.

Thine architecture let me trace,
And feel Thy constant presence near;
And say, “How dreadful is this place,”
And thrill with mingled love and fear.

Ne’er let such dimness veil my sight,
As not to see in *all*, Thy hand;
By Thee, O LORD, of power and might,
In wisdom and in goodness planned.

When birds wake up their matin quire,
Or fill with tune the summer night,—
From their first song let mine take fire,
With their last hymn let mine unite.

When flowers, sweet children of the skies,
With happy looks their scent upraise,—
May I, like them, with grateful eyes
Lift up the incense of my praise:

And find in every dewy sod,
An altar where to bend my knees;—
Sure that the All-pervading God
A bended heart, with mercy fees:

And welcome oratories fit
For meditation, ready made
In each dusk grove, where branches knit
Cast all beneath an emerald shade.

Be duly kept my sacred hours,
That claim of time a larger share;
Until my soul with all her powers,
Is instant with continual prayer.

So, finding Thee in all below,
And learning from Thy works Thy love;
Mine eyes may more expectant grow,
To see Thee on Thy throne above.

Birth and Death.

“As the clear light is upon the holy candlestick; so is the beauty of the face in ripe age.” *Ecclus. xxvi. 17.*

THE trees are sprinkled with their autumn gold,
Gilding them into beauty doubly bright,
Ere winter come with tempests bleak and cold,
To dash that beauty rudely from our sight.

Thus with a second spring they seem to shine,
And once again before they meet decay
Are decked in varied tints and colours fine,
Then suddenly they fall, and fall away.

So often age, ere death with ruthless hand
Pluck it from earth, to plant in happier place,
Shows with a second child-like beauty, and
A transient glory shines upon its face.

Then all the freshness of hope's youthful glow,
(But fixed on heaven now, no more on earth,)
Brightens each feature all too used to woe;
Thus death claims nearest kindred with our birth.

Churches in the Landscape.

THANK GOD ! the Spring again is on the earth !—
The re-creating angel has gone forth ;
And the great cloudless sky spans into one
Our scattered villages, and makes a common home.

Again, in health and pleasure, I retrace
My favourite paths, and seek with early steps
Nature's green chapelries. I feel my heart
Uplift with unabated flush of joy,
And better still, find gratitude not dead.

All the dark time of the year, memory looked back
And hope peered forward to these pleasant scenes,
These minutes not ill-spent. Heaven be blest,
They are returned, and bring unchanged delight.
Once more the lark makes music for my feet ;
Again each wildling flower stands in its home,
The very spot, unmoved, where first, a boy,
I fought and culled it. On the breeze I scent

The May-weed's homely, spring-like breath. Here
peep,

From the moist foot of bank and tangled hedge,
The starry stitchwort white, the celandine,
And that small flower, with name more great than king's,
The red archangel. In the brook shines clear
Marsh mallow's gold unvenal.

These be cheap
And unregarded things, yet they have power
To beckon up old thoughts, and wake new hopes,—
Therefore I love them well and seek them.

Scarce

A hill shuts in our landscape stretching wide ;
Rich tilth and pasture, fringed with skirting wood,
And interspersed with villages and homes
For twice ten thousand. Scattered far and near
Rise up from verdurous clump, from patent mead,
From crowding roofs where industry resides,
Church tower and spire. Like watchers o'er the land,
Or prayerful angels ever on their knees,
Holding up holy hand, our churches are :—
Sprinkling of paschal blood upon our doors,
'Gainst the o'erpassing angel :—golden links,
That here and there knit earth and heaven in one.

The heightening day, has by revealing beam,
Touched into light a spire, that blent before
With the far, dim horizon. Now, it smiles,

White, calm, unshrinking, 'mid its neighbour woods,
A steadfast landmark to the wanderer's eyes ;
Speaking that homes are there, though homely hearts
May them inhabit ; and that nestling close
Beside those sacred walls, Wisdom hath built
A humble roof, and spreads her priceless store.¹

Be multiplied, ye welcome sanctuaries !
Be scattered thick upon the earth, as stars
When the moon rules not heaven. Lift up on high
Your towers and lofty spires, or turrets small.
Be built, minster, and church, and chapel. Send
Far on the air the melody of bells,
Inviting all to worship. And, O God,
Most High and Great Artificer of all,
Build Thou Thy houses, for without Thine aid,
We build in vain.² Increase our faith, our zeal,
And teach our hearts a self-denying power,
Rich toward Thee, and full of love to souls.
Nor let Thy favour leave my native land !
Still guard and bless her ; pour Thy riches down ;
And, while Thou mak'st on her Thy face to shine,
May she in pious gratitude, adore,—
Uprear fresh fanes at home, and from her shores
Send forth to every land in every clime
The joyful message of Thy evangile.

¹ “ For the merchandize of it is better than the merchandize of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold,” &c. *Prov.* iii. 14.

² *Psalms* cxxvii.

The Eternal Country.

“And the world passeth away and the lust thereof.” I S. *John*
ii. 17.

OH what a joy to live, where life is joy,
Where the pure air and light are happiness,
Where there is nothing round us to destroy
Those inward dreams, which visit us to bless.

There in their native atmosphere, they live,
Expand, and fill our being to the full,
And all the rapture that sweet visions give
Stirs with its power, to charm us and to lull.

For as we longer live, we find one truth
Deeply brought home, and growing stronger still,
That what once looked like dream-land in our youth,
When we draw near is desolate and chill.

So far-off mountains, leaguings with the sun,
Cheating with glories, only seen afar,
Are black and barren, when their peak is won,
And show us all the trickery they are !

Soul! *there is one* bright sky that *never* fades,
One constant bliss, that passeth not away,
One land where sorrow never casts its shades,
A land where God makes one eternal day.

A Similitude of the HOLY SPIRIT.

“The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth : so is every one that is born of the SPIRIT.” *S. John* iii. 8.

His hovering wings unheard,—with unseen flight,
The SPIRIT to man's soul His way doth win ;
Giving no sign of His indwelling light,
Save works of love without, and heavenly peace
within.

So comes the summer wind, and so it speeds :—
A Dream,—a breathing from sweet hidden bowers ;
Fleeting along in paths which no one heeds,
Its presence only known, by quivering leaves and
flowers.

Peace.

“The peace of God, which passeth all understanding.” *Philippians* iv. 7.

How peaceful is the noontide ! when a sleep
Falls on the earth, and quiet sits among
The topmost branches ; for no breezes sweep
Through the still leaves, or wake the sprays to song.
Across the heaven, and o'er the earth there seems
A trembling mist, half seen, half undefined,
As though it were the vague and quiet dreams
Of sleeping nature ; or a slumbering wind.

How peaceful early morning ! ere bad things,
Bad thoughts, and deeds, and evil men awake ;
Then in its innocence the young day sings,
Then earth and air one common hymning make ;

Hope is alive and streaming light from heaven,
Makes bright the tears the penitent night hath shed,
For sins of yesterday, now all forgiven,
And there is peace ; sorrow is past and fled.

But *there is peace*, such as the world ne'er knew,
To which the calm of morning and mid-day,
Are but as tempests ; peace most lasting, true,
“ The peace of God, which passeth not away.”

Vernal Hymn.

“ Oh, how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou LORD of Hosts ! ”
Psalms lxxxiv. i.

MY GOD, how bright must be the realm
 That Thou inhabitest !
 What floods of light must overwhelm
 The Palace of Thy rest.

Since an abode so fair, so sweet,
 To sinning man is given,
 All blooming round his erring feet,—
 Oh, what must be Thy heaven !

If all these hues that mock our art,
 But *shadows* are of Thee,—
 If all these wonders, but a *part*,—
 What must Thy fulness be !

When down to earth I turn my eyes,
Some flow'r breathes forth Thy praise ;
And oh, what hymnings from the skies,
If there my sense I raise.

The voices of the passing wind
Are murmuring Thy fame :
The odours Zephyr leaves behind,
Are incense to Thy name.

My God ! how bright must be the realm
By Thy full presence blest ;
What flooding light must overwhelm
The palace of Thy rest !

Oh heart,—though thou too seldom break
Thy cold and marble sleep,
All nature calls thee,—then awake !
From death-like slumber deep.

A Simile.

“Many shall commend his understanding; and so long as the world endureth, it shall not be blotted out; his memorial shall not depart away, and his name shall live from generation to generation.”—*Ecclus. xxxix. 9.*

LIKE some good man the sun expires,
Bright hopes and glorious thoughts make bright
His dying couch with splendid fires,
And angels fill that sea of light.

Remembrance, like the tranquil moon,
Soon comes, and in her tender ray
We scarcely miss the sparkling noon,
Cheered by that memory of the day.

The Christian's Zodiac.

“(God) Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.” *Job ix. 9.*

WHEN men looked up with awe
To the deep heavens, and saw
Signs in the stars, foreboding good and ill,
By shepherd seers' gaze
Watch'd, from th' horizon's haze,
To where they brightly sank behind some flock-loved
hill ;

Fancy with wonder blent,
And poësy then lent
Her power and charm to those night-watchers' ken ;
Till link'd in systems bright,
The empyrean height
Grew a flow-moving scene of gods and god-like men.

All things of dread or love,
 Found place in heaven above,—
 To win their grace, propitiate their hate :—
 There, glorious acts were seen,
 Like hers, the loving queen,
 Who gave her shining hair to change a brother's fate.¹

The radiant king of day
 Went his majestic way,
 Marking his journey by the starry signs ;
 The mutable year grew old,—
 By them her course was told,
 What time to cast the seed, or rob the loaded vines.

There rose another sun ;
 The worn-out dream was done.
 The stars shine brightly as they did of yore ;
 But greater signs than theirs
 The Christian's heaven wears :—
 For him, the zodiac marks the seasons' change no more.

To new-created skies,²
 He lifts his reverent eyes ;
 A brilliant planet decks the distant East ;

¹ Berenice, who made a votive offering of her hair in the temple of Venus, for the safety of her brother and husband Ptolemy Euergetes.

² "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth : and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." *Isa.* lxxv. 17.

And constellations bright
Enchain heaven's vault with light,
And calendar the Church's days with fast and feast.

When hangs that dewy spark
O'er Nazareth the dark,¹
Begins the cycle of the Christian's year ;
And faintly over-head
A misty light is spread,
CHRIST's galaxy, His path across our finning sphere.

Along that pale gemm'd zone,
His sacred course is shown,
Sweet youth, short manhood, death, and seal'd tomb ;
These give the seasons name,
These light the festal flame,
Or lead, with extinct torch, the mourning Church in
gloom.

And lower down the sky
Pure constellations lie,
Saints, who their lamps have kindled from their
LORD's ;
These fill each vacant space,
And in the roll have place
Of memory, which she in due degree affords.

¹ "The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light."
Isaiab ix. 2.

So on from day to day,
Shines out some astral ray,
Greater or less, to chasten or to cheer ;
And from her watch-tower high,
Gazing, with sleepless eye,
The Church, to men proclaims the changes of the year.

LORD! Who the worlds didst make,
Teach us for Thy Son's sake,
To number upon earth, our fleeting days ;
And through His wondrous love
Make us to shine above,
As stars around Thy throne, singing Thy endless
praise !

Catholic Truth.

“ The pride of the height, the clear firmament, the beauty of heaven, with his glorious show, the sun when it appeareth, declaring at his rising a marvellous instrument, the work of the Most High.” *Ecclus. xliii. 1, 2.*

FROM out all nature is one common voice,
Unchanging and unchanged for ever heard,
Singing “ In God alone let all rejoice,”—
Like some sweet harp by one strong impulse stirr’d.

So sang the sinless world, when new-born light
Threw holy shadows on a new-born earth,
So echoed back the first star-spangled night,
Chanting sweet anthems of its heavenly birth.

Earth, sea, and sky proclaim the holy truth,
The universe, a temple open wide,
Where Nature, priestess sacred, from her youth
For ever sings the song beatified.

The sun and moon, unfading lights, still shine,
With all the lesser glories of the sky,
The changing seasons, acolyths divine,
Attend upon the great festivity.

From many an altar, undisturbed and still,
Sweet shrines so calm, through many a troublous age,
Unfound by man, the incense flowers fill
The air with scent, through their short pilgrimage.

All telling the same truth; their simple creed
The type of that which saints and martyrs teach
By many a noble act and sacred deed,
And sufferings more eloquent than speech.

The Ruined Mill.

“My lovers and friends hast Thou put away from me : and
hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.” *Psalms lxxxviii. 18.*

WHEN I was young, yon ruined mill
Was busy day and night ;
Above the woods, it crowned the hill,
Straight forward in our fight.

It often made our childish walk
To reach the miller's mound,
And yet, some awe restrained our talk,
To hear the fails sweep round.

In boyhood, 'twas my pencil's theme ;
And on my canvas still
Unconsciously, as in a dream,
Steals in the ruffet mill.

I yet was young, when evil found
The honest miller's dwelling ;
And never more those sails went round,
How strong the wind were swelling.

And then, one wild and stormy day,
To earth a sail was blown ;
It seemed a signal for Decay
To make the rest his own.

And, the next laughing summer-tide,
In spite of all the sun,
The broken-hearted miller died,—
His chequered day was done.

Soon, rampant weeds grew round the door,
The briony and briar :
Within, from the neglected floor,
Shot up the wheat's green spire.

The ruined mill, o'er forest tips,
His monument now stands,
A well-known land-mark to the ships
That near our dangerous sands.

And not to ships alone,—to me
It serves for beacon mark ;
Who still upon life's misty sea
Must steer my pilgrim barque.

I see him, 'mid home memories,
That miller hale and stout,—
Then dead!—as if from our small skies
Some star were blotted out.

It makes me feel the flying years,
Although I am not old,
To count how many of my peers
Beneath the sod lie cold.

It makes me hear Time's hurrying wings,
Careering o'er my head;
To reckon up my sorrowings
For friends already dead.

The aged, who with loving hands
My childish locks careffed,
Have mingled with the unseen bands,
And passed into their rest.

The very playmates of my youth,
The jocund and the gay,
Have yielded to death's gnawing tooth,¹
And fled, like clouds, away.

¹ "They lie in the hell like sheep, death gnaweth upon them." *Psalms* xlix. 14.

And many a maid, whose blushing prime
Gave promise all too bright,
Has fall'n to earth before her time,
Nor blossom'd in our sight.

'Tis true we try, with tearful smiles,
To fill the vacant places ;—
But oh ! it mocks our utmost wiles,
One thought of vanish'd faces !

The old is better than the new ;
The first love than the last.—
Can we bring back the morning dew ?
Can we regain the past ?

Can aught fill up a parent's place ?
In those we have instead
Some likenesses still we seek to trace ;
We love them *for the dead*.

Dear God ! but have I laid to heart
The treasures of Thy love,
And how Thou strivest, with kind art,
To lure my soul above ?

How Thou my day of grace prolong'st,
While night has closed around
So many I have walk'd amongst,
Though my deep sins abound ?

How Thou fend'st warnings from the tombs,
And mak'st Thy dead men speak ;
Wak'st echoes from their empty homes,
My sluggish calm to break ?

For Thou my tears would'st turn to pearls,
Make incense of my sighs,—
Myrrh in the censer, which upcurls,
Lov'd fragrance, to the skies.

Spirits of friends for ever fled
From us who wander here,
Though our sad feet your ashes tread ;—
So distant and so near !

There is one path by which to reach
Your hidden homes of rest ;—
That Way, our lingering footsteps teach
LORD JESUS, ever blest !

Autumnal Lessons.

“ Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening.” *Psalms* civ. 23.

UPON the many-colour'd Autumn woods
Lies an epiphany of golden light.—
The manhood of the year hath passed away,
Its work is done ; and age, all calm and bright,
Looks back on hoping Spring without a sigh,
Smiles on the past, and is content to die.

It muses on that spring-tide's flow'rs which gave
Pure, wholesome pleasure. Thinks of, better still,
Its Summer fruitage, and its harvests stored,
That will its heirs with food and gladness fill,
And win itself a name within the sky,
Better than life.—Why should it grieve to die ?

These were my morning thoughts :—the shorten'd day
Since then hath sunk in twilight. Evening now,
Grey, mild, and still, sends through the misty fields
The peasant to his home, from herd or plough.
Over, the task diurnal ;—nightly rest
Courts him of wearied limbs and peaceful breast.

“ Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways.”¹
So sings the bard. 'Tis heaven's benignity
That gives laborious days, and at their close
Grants them, well spent, the guerdon of repose.

Thou, for whom morn still gilds the orient sky,
Thou, at whose feet the smiling Spring is dight,
Sow now thy seed ; waste not the precious hours ;
Whate'er thou find'st to do, do with thy might ;²
Culture thy vineyard ; speed thee in the race ;
'Tis now th' appointed time, thy day of grace.

And thou, who in the autumn of thy days,
Canst, humbly glad, recall with memory calm,
Th' eventful year, with all the thoughts and words,
And actions it doth, amber-like, embalm ;—
Whose well-spent life is garner'd on that floor,
Where neither thief nor rust may spoil thy store ;

¹ Milton.

² *Ecclesiastes ix. 10.*

O happy thou ! who in life's crepuscule,
Canst from the heat and burden of the day
Which thou hast borne, turn to thy heavenly home,
And see the guiding star that lights thy way,
And hear His blessed voice, who proffers rest
For weary limbs, and peace for laden breast.

“ I heard a voice from heaven, which bid me write,
The dead which in the LORD expire, are blest
From henceforth ;—yea, the HOLY SPIRIT saith,
That they may from their toil and labours rest,
In sweet expectance, while their works of love
Follow them to their blisful homes above.”¹

¹ *Revelations* xiv. 13.

The Burden of Dumah.

“The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come.” *Isa. xxi. 11, 12.*

A WATCHMAN from his lonely tow'r
Looks down on where the city sleeps;
All silent is the solemn hour
When drowsy rest men's eyelids sleeps.
A falling star is all that breaks
The stillness of the spangled sky,
And nought the peaceful ether shakes,
Except—that faithful watcher's sigh.

All sleep but he.—No, one beside
Courts the kind influence in vain.—
Upon his couch, from side to side
Tossing, he tries to quell a pain,—

A restlessness—a nameless dread—
A horror flying on the night :—
And now he leaves his sleepless bed,
And on the darkness strains his fight.

Far as the watcher on his tow'r,
A voice of weary accents fell,
“ How speeds the time to morning's hour?—
What of the night? O watchman, tell.”
The guardian heard, and answering said,
“ Faint in the dim east I descry
The first, small streak of rosy red ;—
Another morn mounts up the sky.

“ Another morn !—but follow'd soon
By shade, extinguishing its ray ;
By night that reigns without a moon,
And sequel'd by no future day.—
Now, while the morning's glories burn,
Fly, men of Seir, th' approaching doom ;—
Return, O wandering sheep, return,
Back to your faithful shepherd, come.

“ Another morn ;—another night ;—
Oh, dark will be the city then :
Death shall possess her rocky height,
And sow with graves the home of men.

No more shall music fill her street,
Nor wedding torches gaily shine,
Nor maidens walk with tinkling feet,
Nor revellers quaff with song, the wine.

“ Another morn ;—another night ;—
Another day that goes between ;—
Then, ruin'd, blotted from the fight,
Here Edom, men shall say, *hath been*.—
See ! the morn enters through her gates :
Ere 'tis too late, inquire and learn :
Still, mercy for repentance waits,—
Come, wand'ring flock, return, return ! ”

Idumeans of a later world,
Hear ye the watchman's warning voice :
Our morning hastens, dew empearl'd.
The day of grace, be ours the choice
To seize and use, ere sinks its fun.
Remember, all the joys of heaven
Ere ev'ning closes must be won,
Or, be from us for ever riven.

Day of salvation and of grace !
May we thy golden hours prize ;
Gird up our loins and run the race,
Whose goal and crown are in the skies.

Suns which here set, may rise again,
But if we lose *this* proffer'd light,
We seek its crimson dawn in vain,—
It breaks no more our endless night.¹

¹ Soles occidere et redire possunt :
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetuo una dormienda.

Catullus.

“ ΠΑΝΤΑΡΚΗΣ ΚΑΛΟΣ.”

“ Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks : so longeth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the living God.” *Psalms* xlii. 1, 2.

“ Whom have I in heaven but Thee : and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee.” *Psalms* lxxiii. 24.

RELIGION’S crown and pinnacle is love.—

Love is life’s proper atmosphere ;
Effulgent in the realms of heaven above,
Inconstant and a wanderer here ;

Yet, ’tis the same ;

’Tis treasure in a vase of earth ;

Its holy name

Is the sweet cincture of our hearth,
The wings on which our prayers mount up the sky.—
When love expires, ’tis then we truly die.

We love, and straight the world is all transform’d :—

The cherish’d image in our heart
Has our bleak day with summer shining warm’d.
To darkness it doth light impart.

Its semblance haunts
Our steps, and casts itself around,
As if it vaunts
Its magic power ; for sight and sound
All take its shape, its saffron garment wear,
The one loved name comes on each vocal air.

When the Greek sculptor shadow'd from his foul
God's image, best he could devise,
He for Olympian Jove, a likeness stole
From one, the fairest in his eyes :
And while it grew,
In wondrous beauty 'neath his touch,
All his heart flew
To him, the friend he loved so much :
And on the polish'd finger, Pheidias wrote,
FAIR IS PANTARCES, echo of his thought.

Oh, if *such* love could fill the Christian's breast ;
To God his Father and his Friend,
How would His image in all nature rest,—
To Him, how all desires would tend.
While still his tongue
Untiring of its theme would tell
The crowd among,
Or in the stillness of his lonely cell,
How great, how sweet, how much to be adored,
How rich, how pure, how holy is the LORD.

All that is best in nature, would find voice,
 And say He made us ; shadows we
 Of beauty infinite. O man, rejoice,
 Who may'st His unveil'd beauty see,—
 So catching fire
 Man's hands at last the lute would seize,
 And strike its wire,
 And chant aloud to every breeze,
 O God ! my portion, my exceeding joy,
 Thy praise my lips for ever shall employ.¹

¹ “ When Phidias the famous statuary, made the image of Jupiter Olympius, one of the goodliest that ever was, he could not forbear, but he must privately engrave upon his little finger, the name of one whom he dearly loved, in these words—PANTARCES IS FAIR.—For it was not Jupiter (saith Clemens Alexandrinus, from whom I have this story,) who was fair in Phidias his eyes, but the youth whom he loved. The thoughts of his god could not put out of his mind the thoughts of him whom he loved better. If, therefore, we had such a love to God, as others have to the things of this world ; the thoughts of them could not quite thrust out the thoughts of Him. But still we should be apt to write (if I may so speak) upon the very forehead of every earthly good, *GOD is most lovely ; or, GOD is my exceeding joy ; the LORD is my portion ; O how amiable are His courts !* or, as an holy man, (who, it is said, could never get these words out of his mouth,) *My GOD, and all things.* Where He is, there, in effect, are all things ; and where His love dwells, there He will be sure to be. We shall meet Him every where, see Him in every beautiful thing, and taste Him, before we have done, in all the delightful enjoyments of this life.” *Bishop Patrick. Advice to a Friend.*

Communion of Saints.

“ All the Saints salute you.” *Philippians iv. 22.*

How sweet it is to know, when we are gone,
That we are not forgotten, that there are
Some who will think of us ;—that even one
Remembers us when wandering afar.

The greeting of true friends is very dear,
When heart meets heart, and like a magic spell,
The word of greeting wakes the happy tear,
And heart-felt joy we have no power to tell.

But oh, when those true friends are Heaven's own !
When Saints salute us, call us brother, friend,
What double joy ! joy that when life is flown
Will bloom in Heaven, and never have an end.

Love.

“ And God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.” *Genesis* i. 31.

BREEZES play the trees among,
Gently hastes the stream along,
Not one common thought of earth
Has beneath this shade its birth ;
Through the trees inquisitive,
Peeps the sun and seems to live,
Dancing in the merry spray ;
Nothing grieves and all is gay.
E'en the nightingale has quite
Left her misery with night,
And rejoicing joins the throng,
In a glad tumultuous song.
Stealing underneath the boughs,
Here a straggling sun-beam throws,
O'er the grass-blades, robes of gold,
And erect they seem to hold,

Conscious of their dignity.
But there is a charm to me,
Far within, a subtil soul,
Which runs circling through the whole ;
Love, the spirit which we feel,
Which the skies, trees, songs, reveal ;
And to those whose spirits pure,
Long to commune evermore,
With the inner life of nature,
Studying well her every feature,
This is what they bear away
From her sweet soliloquy.
(They may listen, who come near,
Stealing on her unaware.)
Through all things there is one spirit,
All things made, God's love inherit,
And by Love in one great round,
Each to each, all things are bound.

Paul and Barnabas Preaching at Paphos.

“ So they, being sent forth by the HOLY GHOST, departed unto Seleucia ; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus.” *Acts* xiii. 4.

QUEEN of the Cyprian Isle, thy reign is o'er.

Quenched are thy hundred fires ; thy ruined shrines
Gleam white to seamen as they skirt the shore,
Thy broken columns prop the heavy-fruited vines.

Fled are thy crownèd worshippers ; thy priests,
Florid with youth, lie crumbled 'neath the earth,
Mingled with bones of sacrificèd beasts ;
And not an echo lingers of thy naughty mirth.

Disparted are the girlish troops, where met
All human beauty. Long, long since their cheek,
That burnt with guilty blushes, was beset
By the worm-fuitor,—he that kissing does not speak.

All vanished are the long-haired fybarites,
Thy willing votaries. No more the grove
Veils vainly from the sun their impure rites,
That did blaspheme, and take the sacred name of
love.

Two strangers came to Paphos from the strand,
And lifted up their voice. Then, at that hour,
Did fall the queenly sceptre from thy hand,—
The Seer was smitten blind, and magic lost its
power.¹

The strangers went their way, still onward led
As willed the HOLY SPIRIT. Like a wind
They passed o'er thee, leaving thy worship dead,
But purest flowers springing in their track behind.

Come to us, LORD, and with Thy Word of power
Destroy our idol fanes, and make our breast
A temple for Thy presence; that this hour
Thou may'st inhabit there, and there for ever rest.

¹ Elymas.

The genius of Christianity affecting the Heathen.

“ If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin : but now they have no cloke for their sin.” *S. John xv. 22.*

“ A light that shineth in a dark place.” *2 S. Peter i. 19.*

*Men cannot be quite dark ; not though they fly
The face of GOD revealed, and from the sun
Hide with averted looks. They cannot shun
The all-surrounding light, although their eye
Own not its source and spring, and they deny
Th' Incarnate GODHEAD. Thought and acts are still
Impressed externally—against their will,
By a restraining influence ever nigh.
As in some antre hid in bosky grove,
An almost-darkness reigns at full noon-day,
Yet through the gloom a dim, green light doth rove,
Touching its spar-wrought roof with gemmy ray,—
Such are the sacred lights which scattered shine
In Seneca and pious Antonine.*

NOTE.

“ By a restraining influence ever nigh.”

“ That was the true Light, Which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” *S. John* i. 9.

“ And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light.” *S. John* iii. 19.

L'Envoi.

"Left that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." 1 *Corinthians* ix. 27.

Go, little book! and as love speeds thee forth,
So may'st thou meet with many a loving home;
Spread thy white wings to East, and South, and North,
Stay where thou'rt welcom'd, or still onward roam.

When gentle eyes of youth or reverend age
Look on thy leaves, tell them that friends unseen
Send words of love; with them in prayers engage;
Joy in their joy, or echo to their threne.

Say, that the Christian's course is not alone;
That mingling spirits throng his path around;
One faith, one hope, one self-same name they own,—
Waves of one sea,—in one communion bound.

Say, that though realms divide our common prayers,
They join, and form one stream of incense sweet :
One member's pain the general body shares,—
To the heart's throb, the farthest pulses beat.

Brethren in CHRIST, accept our proffer'd page,
Our humble strains to highest themes belong ;
(The lark sings of the sky from sordid cage)—
May ye find use or pleasure in our song.

And not to us, O LORD ! the praise be given,
Not unto us, but to Thy glorious Name :
By every tongue create in earth and heaven,
Be sung Thy might, Thy majesty, and fame.

Thy servants, in Thy mercy, LORD, regard ;
Our lack of service and our faults, forgive ;
Let not just vengeance be our sins' reward,—
Oh cause Thy face to shine, and make us live.

Nor let the hypocrite's black fate be ours,
To take Thy sacred words, but miss Thy grace ;
To preach the doom that o'er the sinner lours,
And then—be driv'n for ever from Thy face !

Go, little book ! on the soft winds depart,
Seek thou a home the haunts of men among ;
And may'st thou find in many a loving heart,
An echo and an answer to thy song.

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